

It wasn't even 9 am yet, and already the summer sun was baking up quite the humid heat. Strikes of gold from the sunrise still streaked the receding clouds and blended beautifully into the brightening azures of the morning sky and through the vibrant emerald leaves adorning the trees. A flock of pleasantly-warbling sparrows fluttered overhead on a gentle breeze, to rest among the many daisies and other lush flowerbeds the town kept tended this time of year. Truly a majestic morning, the kind that had to be seen to be believed!

Unfortunately, all Candice could see was the teetering tower of cardboard boxes in her arms.

"Ack!" Candice yelped as her next step was too shaky and the stack abruptly shifted, threatening to topple! "Agh! E-Emma? A little help please? Hello?!"

The rich redhead barely nodded in acknowledgement, eyes glued to the smartphone in her one hand, while with the other she very slowly tapped out the passcode to open the pet shop's inventory garage. "Sounds like a 'you' problem, honey," she drawled over her shoulder. "Kind of on the clock right now. Oops." She smirked and began putting in the passcode again. "It's two fives. I hit five-four."

"Ugh!" Candice groaned and carefully shifted her grip to keep a hold on the boxes before her fingers fell off. So much sweat beading down her head and almost into her eyes! Loads of pet snacks, dishes, chew toys; this was a heavy load for three people, yet here she was, carting it around all by herself so as not to ruin Emma's manicure. Good grief! Last week, when Candice had heard she would be getting a fellow Eager Meadows student as a coworker, she'd thought nothing of it. Never in a thousand years would she have guessed her coworker would be Little Miss Daddy's Girl herself. It was like the universe itself had gone out of its way to annoy Candice! Why did Emma even need to work? Her 'Daddy' practically blew his nose using wads of hundreds! Maybe she wasn't the only one totally over that brat's attitude...

The feeling was mutual. Finally, while still totally focused on her phone, Emma put in the right code, causing the garage door to give a metallic cough before rattlingly ascending. As Emma ducked under, immediately relieved by the cool A/C, she muttered to herself, "Can't believe I gotta work with this freakin' bubble butt dork. Of all the luck."

Boxes unevenly teetering side to side - and nearly catching on the door! - Candice slowly staggered after Emma into the shade, hardly able to enjoy it to the same degree. "Emma, please?!" The top of the stack grazed the garage door again and Candice nearly fell over! "Help?! This is your JOB, y'know?"

"It's yours too. And you're doing it fine enough, sweetie. Ugh." Emma stopped in her tracks with a scowl, having almost walked into a dog bed laid out on the garage floor, upon which a fiery orange corgi was perking its head up at the two girls coming in from the heat. With a curious yip, the pup hopped off the bed and began sniffing around Emma's legs. "Ew. No." Emma took a wide step back, then another to put distance between herself and the scrappy little corgi, and the second step successfully made him switch targets to Candice.

Unable to see him coming, Candice almost jumped and lost her boxes as the corgi came up and began greeting her with a few yips. "Hi! Hey Rocket, hey boy!" Candice cooed as nicely as she could under all the strain. Truthfully, she was relieved the corgi only took a single sniff while threading around her legs before getting bored and trotting back to his bed. Puffing loudly, Candice again readjusted her grip. "Come ON, seriously, could you just take a box?! We've got so much to do before the store opens!"

Candice couldn't see past the boxes, but she could very clearly sense Emma's supercilious stare. "And break a nail? Ruin my image? As if." A thought made Emma smirk. "Of course, if you want help..."

The quick tone shift made Candice freeze. "Wait, no! I don't mean-"

"Too late!" As Candice squirmed, Emma gracefully darted behind the dorky blonde, grabbed the sides of her uniform's dark green skirt, and yanked it down to her knees!

"Ah!" Candice's knees unconsciously buckled, as her skirt plummeted and her dainty yellow panties were revealed! "Emma!!!"

"Pfft!" Emma could barely contain her snickers. Candice's panties were obviously a size too small, with a bout an inch of ass crack peeking out and a gaudy pink heart across the right cheek! "What's wrong, dork? Running out of frilly stuff? Ha!" Emma gave a curt smack on Candice's panties' heart decal and chuckled to herself as she strolled through the inventory door and into the shop itself.

"Ugh!" With her legs splayed out and her skirt caught around her ankles, Candice very awkwardly tried w addling closer to where she figured the countertop was, but she only made it two or three shuffling steps before giving up and carefully setting the stack of boxes on the ground. The relief was immediate, but to o little too late. "Dammit, Emma... had to be Emma..." Breathing hard, Candice continued to mutter to he rself as she positioned herself behind the stack and bent to pull her skirt back up her legs. "...of all the p eople... having to put up with her..." Candice sighed and chided to herself that all the complaining and sn iping was only going to make things worse for everyone. Might as well button up and make the best of th ings... or at least the 'least miserable' of things... Besides, there was still way too much to take care of b efore the store opened: restock the toys, mop the floor, fix that bent screw by the fish section, check the register-

Candice froze mid-checklist with a glance out the door into the shop itself. Out in the middle of the store, Emma was pressing her face against the parrots' glass cage! "Oooh!" Candice heard the redhead's muffle d voice. "These are pretty! I wanna pet one!"

"Wait! Emma, don't!" Candice yelled. "You can't just- WHOA!" In her moment of panic, Candice totally did n't register she'd only pulled her skirt up to her knees! As soon as Candice moved her leg to run at Emm a, her skirt caught and Candice tripped and went sailing forward! "AGH! Oof!" Candice landed hard on he r front as she slid into the store, practically face-planting on the turquoise tiles! Immediately, all the move ment sent the puppies and birdies in cages on the nearby wall into barking and squawking chaos, and it wasn't a large store, meaning soon all the enclosures along the walls and spotting the center were a stor m of loud animal sounds! "Ugh..." Candice groaned to herself. Of course she fell then and not before! As the clamor died away, Candice gingerly picked herself back up on scraped elbows, luckily remembering her half-dressed state before standing up in view of the windows. Her skirt had slipped back down to her ankles with the fall, and the front of her yellow panties had rolled down just slightly enough to tease her lack of shaving over the past few days. Candice quickly adjusted on both accounts, keeping low to make sure she stayed out of view of the windows. No way did she want anyone outside to see her like that!

Meanwhile, Emma hadn't spared more than a sidelong glance at the disheveled dork. She'd managed to coax one of the parrots out of its cage and to perch on her finger, and was admiring its strikingly vibrant r ed, yellow, and blue plumage. "Hmm," Emma mused amusedly as she lifted her hand like she was raisin g the parrot like a glass at a toast. "I like this one. I'll put it on Daddy's account." Lifting the bird higher as it fidgeted on her finger, with her other hand Emma produced her smartphone to snap a quick pic of her new best friend.

FLASH!

SQUAWK! SQUAWK! The sudden burst of the camera flash startled the parrot, who immediately flapped off Emma's fingers and started attacking her!!

"AH!" Emma hurriedly covered her face with her arms, dropping her phone as the agitated parrot squawk ed louder and flapped in her face! "Get off, you dumb- AH!" The bird swooped back and forth in front of h er, scratching her arms and at her bright green top with its sharp and grabby toes! The fabric of Emma's shirt started catching on the parrot's toes as it flapped fast and close, before a button popped free and b ounced before rolling out the inventory door, observed by a half-asleep Rocket nearly moving to chase af ter it. A moment later, before Emma could even register the button flying off, the parrot snagged the seco

nd button and sent it pinging away into the hamsters section! Totally undone, Emma's shirt flew open, without a bra beneath, revealing her bare breasts! "AH!" Emma yelped, feeling the cold A/C on her naked chest!

Candice finally intervened, whistling for the parrot's attention before gently guiding the bird back into its cage and nudging the door shut. Hurriedly, Emma dropped her arms and covered her exposed boobs with a hand on each, before realizing she was probably in view of the windows and dropping to a crouch behind a display! Just great... Hopefully no one passing by got a good look at her tits...

She knew she shouldn't, but in spite of herself, Candice cackled. "Sorry, Emma! Guess it wasn't meant to be! Ha ha..." Candice continued chuckling as she turned back into the inventory, just barely dodging the razor-sharp glare Emma shot at her, as she lifted her phone out of a loose pile of fur.

"...dumb dork... better watch that fat butt of hers..." Emma murmured as she shook as much fur off her phone as she could before disgustedly dropping it on the nearby counter. With the buttons torn off, her shirt wouldn't stay closed over her ta-tas, and as such, she tied her shirt up with a sloppy knot to make it into a makeshift crop top. Crude work, and it left her midriff exposed, but it'd keep her girls covered, which was the more important thing. But if the shopowner went and saddled her with a fine for what *their* stupid animal did to her uniform, ooh there'd be hell to pay... She turned her glare to the parrot, who was already pecking at a saltine like nothing had happened - almost smugly, she thought. Dumb bird.

Before long, Candice returned to the main store floor, hefting a cardboard box full of pet toys in one arm and pushing forward a custodial mop and rolling bucket with the other. "Okay, but seriously, we gotta get ready to open. I'll get going on the toy stock." Candice paused, staring at the aquatic corner near the front of the store, before sliding the mop and bucket Emma's way. "It looks like there's some excess water around the fish tanks. Mop it up real quick?"

"Yeah, yeah," Emma grumbled and grabbed the mop as it rolled up, busquely sloshing the water around as she got to work, as Candice began taking toys out of the box and neatly arranging them on the shelves. Emma's lacking history of manual labor shone through pretty quickly, as she lifted the mop out of its bucket exceptionally carefully, so as to not dribble water onto her new pumps, and once she got going, she didn't do more than push water around until things were arguably worse than before! Ugh, Emma silently huffed at the colorful fish staring vacantly back. This was NOT how she wanted to spend her summer!

Candice's annoyingly-chipper voice cut through Emma's thoughts. "Y'know, we're not even that far behind schedule!" She sounded almost proud. "After this, a couple more checks, maybe toss some snacks around, we might actually be good to open!"

With a retort on her tongue, Emma finally glanced back at Candice, only to immediately swallow said retort. Candice was beginning to stock toys on the lower shelves, and was apparently reaching way to the back of the shelf. As such, she was bent over pretty far, so far her bubble butt made a perfect heart shape through the tight skirt fabric. Even more enticing: unbeknownst to Candice, bending like she was doing caused said skirt to roll up further than she realized, teasing Emma with another flash of yellow panties, and even the bottom of Candice's butt cheeks.

Suddenly, the idea of cleaning something didn't sound so bad to Emma...

"Hey, when you're done by the fish, could you maybe take a quick look behind the- WAHH!" Candice shot upright so fast she nearly clocked her head on the shelf, as Emma started attacking her butt with the wet mop! Cold, soapy water soaked the back of Candice's skirt and rushed down her legs, causing her to slip and brace herself against the shelves! "E-Emma?! What are you doing?!"

Emma giggled as she scrubbed! "You got a big dirty butt! I'm just trying to help you out! Oh, almost missed a spot!" Giggling harder, Emma pushed the mop harder against Candice's bottom, every scrub causing Candice's skirt to roll up inch by inch! Slowly but surely, against Candice's incessant stumbling

and squirming, Emma pushed Candice's skirt up past her thighs, then enough to reveal the bottom of her panties hardly concealing her buns, before the skirt was rolled all the way up to Candice's waist, her bright yellow panties back on full display! "Oops!" Emma laughed. "Ah well, better make sure EVERYTHING'S clean!"

"Emma! S-stop!" Candice sputtered as Emma continued to scrub her backside, her panties soaking and clinging coldly to her skin! "Emma! EmmAAAAH!" Candice squealed as Emma's next jab shoved the mop right down the back of her panties! Coarse mop bristles scrubbed freezing soap and water right between her butt cheeks! "Gah! Wuh! Stuh!" Candice lost her grip on the shelves and her pleas turned to gasps and groans as Emma 'washed' harder, back and forth along her cheeks and often rubbing in between! The friction and the frigidity, the soap soaking through and under against Candice's privates, Candice's brain felt like it was melting!

With Emma's vigorous 'cleaning,' Candice's drenched undies were gradually pulled lower and lower, until they were around her thighs and Candice's entire bountiful behind was revealed! The booty-ful sight invigorated Emma further, as she watched those bulbous butt cheeks bounce and ripple with every squirm of the dumb dork's hips, and inspired her to once or twice run the mop not-too-gently between Candice's thighs! Candice yelped louder with that, and all the water dripping soaked her panties even further and bid them to slip lower towards her knees!

"Your panties come down so easily!" The redheaded tormentor grinned wider and side-eyed to the windows to see if they had an audience, but it was hard to tell for the moment. For now, she wasn't ready to give up playtime! "Don't worry," Emma turned back towards her prey and made a point of lavishly running the mop up and down Candice's sudsy butt crack. "We're gonna get this bubble butt of yours squeaky clean!" As Emma's laughter and Candice's squeals got louder, so too did the clamor of the animals surrounding the scene! Dogs barked, parrots cawed, it even seemed like the hamsters were squeaking!

All the commotion quickly brought the attention of Rocket, who bounded into the store yipping along with the menagerie before his little puppy eyes witnessed a sight most unpleasant: the mean lady who stank of too much artificial fragrance was attacking the nice lady with glass on her face! This wouldn't do at all! Over the cacophony and her own triumphant cackles, Emma didn't hear Rocket as the corgi began to growl, before the pup raced towards her and pounced, biting down on the hem of her skirt!

"Wha?!" Emma turned away from Candice as soon as she felt Rocket tugging hard on her skirt! "Hey! Stupid flea-bag, let go!" By the time the mop had dropped from Emma's hands and clattered on the floor, Rocket had tugged her skirt down her hips to reveal more than few inches of her panties! Emma tried to grab onto her skirt with one hand and push away Rocket with the other, but Rocket was resilient, and her hands were too wet and soapy to grab a hold of the smooth suede fabric! "No! NO! Down, you stupid- ST OPI!" Emma shrieked ineffectually as Rocket kept snarling and shook his head to bring Emma's skirt lower and lower down her milky thighs, until he tugged hard enough to whisk it all the way down to her ankles!

"Eek! My skirt!" Emma exclaimed, burning red upon seeing her panties on full display - frilly and white, the exact kind she ridiculed Candice for usually wearing! They were an older pair, snug on her hips these days, and one she never intended anyone to ever see!

Rocket kept gnawing and thrashing and tugging Emma's skirt, pulling the garment taut against her ankles! The pulling and the soapy water spilled all over the floor caused Emma to stagger off-balance in an unsteady wide-legged stance! "Ah! Stop it!" Each of Emma's attempts to reach down and pull up her skirt nearly sent her slipping, forcing her to stay upright and basically trapping her with her pants down in the middle of the store! Part of it, too, was pure surprise! This little ratty dog was WAY stronger than he looked!

Meanwhile, Candice was slowly picking herself off the shelf after Emma's assault on her rear abruptly ended. She was quick to pull her panties back up, but hesitated before bringing her skirt back up all the way upon hearing something through all the animals' ruckus. Skirt around her thighs, Candice wheeled around with wide eyes and a dropped jaw upon witnessing Emma's predicament!

"Candice!" Emma barked as she fought to keep her balance. "Don't just stand there, you idiot! Control you r dumb dog!"

Candice, however, was actually pretty unnerved. She'd only been working in the shop a week, maybe two, but she'd never seen Rocket be aggressive like this! "I-it's not my dog! It's the owner's! Um... down! Down, Rocket?" Of course, Rocket paid no mind, continuing to growl and pull and... hiss? No, that wasn't the dog... Emma's skirt was starting to tear! But Candice seemed to be the only one who noticed? Emma kept flailing and cursing as seams split between Rocket's teeth! The skirt wasn't going to hold much longer! "Emma!" Candice called out, "you gotta-"

But before Candice could complete her warning, Rocket growled louder and gave another hard yank, so hard the distressed material finally tore! SHHRRRRIP! "WHOA!" With the skirt pulling her ankles abruptly getting torn away, Emma immediately began slipping and stumbling backwards!

"Emma!" Candice yelped on instinct and reached out a hand to try and catch her, but was too late to do anything but watch on as Emma staggered backwards on the soapy tiles!

Finally, Emma came to a crashing halt when she backed hard into a tall shelf lined with fishbowls! "Oooh!" The hard impact rattled the whole shelf, and even sent a bowl near the top shelf skittering to the edge, before it finally slipped and fell down! Emma shook and head and struggled upright just in time to notice the shadow over her head getting closer. "Oh crap!" Quickly, Emma stepped forward and held up her arms to just barely catch the bowl out of midair! "Whew..." Emma sighed in both relief and pleasant surprise, looking down at the terrified goldfish swimming safe in her hands. That was a close call!

Were it so easy. Emma tried to take another step away from the shelf, only to stop. Some pulling around her hips stopped her from moving. "What the-?" Emma quickly turned her head and spied the issue, as well as her bare ass! "Oh crap..." The shelf Emma had backed into was the shelf with the loose screw Candice hadn't fixed yet, and when Emma hit it, it'd snagged right under the waistband of her panties! It was a deep snag, too, completely jabbed through the fabric, pulling it well away from her body to give a clean peek of her pale buns!

And if that wasn't enough: Rocket's shrill bark snapped Emma's attention back forward. The little scoundrel shook his head and tossed the shredded skirt to the side, apparently no longer satisfied with it and ready for more! With another bark, the orange menace made like his namesake and shot towards Emma!

"Oh CRAP!" Instinctively, Emma tried to dart away, only to again get pulled back by her panties still trapped on the shelf! She thought to reach back and pull them free, but both her hands still cradled the fishbowl, and with Rocket speeding her way, there was no time to put it down or figure out anything! And so instead Emma tried again to run away from the shelf, intentionally stretching out her panties and hoping they would break before Rocket reached her! So what if the screw tore a hole in her underpants, they're a pair she rarely uses anyway! She just had to get away from that little orange monster!

Unfortunately, it didn't pan out quite how Emma wanted! Before long, the fabric began to tear, alright, but the size of the hole being torn was way bigger than she'd anticipated! Emma's panties tore all up the backside before the elastic finally snapped and the tattered mess of fabric plummeted right down her legs!

"AH! Dammit!" Emma cursed as she looked down and saw herself naked from the waist down! Quickly, Emma lowered the fishbowl in her hands to cover her exposed crotch, but with the glass and water, all she did was magnify the image of her bare pussy for anyone passing by to see!

All Candice got from her position was a good view of Emma's bare butt, but still, the sight of Emma's tight round cheeks was enough to get her giggling despite herself! "Wow, Emma," Candice heckled in a tone similar to that which Emma used when harassing her, "not your lucky day, is it?"

"Sh-... Shut up, you-" Emma was interrupted by another shrill bark, and her eyes went wide. Rocket was almost on her! "GAH!" Finally freed, Emma made to sprint away, only to immediately slip on the floor still soaking wet with sudsy water! "WAHHH!" Emma's howl mixed with that of the puppies on the wall as she tripped and went sailing forward, her feet kicking up out from her sundered undies and the fishbowl flying out of her hands!

Candice's laughter evaporated on the spot as she saw the poor fishy flying through the air! "I- I got it!" Hurredly, Candice raced closer and, with a little jump, grabbed the fishbowl out of the air and hugged it to her chest! "Whew! Gotcha!" Candice assured the little fish, before a mighty crash brought her attention back at Emma!

For Emma, it was like the fall was happening at half-speed. She processed everything so fast - her falling, the loss of her underpants, the fishbowl flying away - until finally she made out exactly where she was going to land: right in the mop bucket!

SPLASH!

"Grgh! Mmmfpthrr!" Emma struggled and flailed her arms, submerged up to her waist in the bucket, spattering water and soap suds all over the nearby shelves and all across the fronts of the nearby cages and the raucous animals inside! She was bent nearly all the way over the yellow bucket, bare booty aimed straight in the air and wiggling and jiggling like mad as she kicked and thrashed and slipped over and over trying to lift herself up and out! "Gltthth! Cnnditttth!"

Before long, yipping and snarling all the way, Rocket charged up to Emma and pounced again, nabbing a mouthful of Emma's soaked blouse and rearing back with enough vigor and momentum - combined with Emma's thrashing - to pull the drenched redhead up out of the bucket. Her soaked cherry-red hair swinging back like a banner, sending an icy wave of water arcing back and knocking into the parakeet cages! "S ttplttth! Ack!" Emma gasped, panting both for air and from pure anger! She landed hard on her bare butt in the middle of a soapy puddle with a loud icy smack that stung her cheeks! As she shoved sopping strands of hair and globs of bubbles out of her blinded eyes, Rocket continued to growl and pull at her shirt! A few more good tugs from the vicious little pup, and the knot keeping Emma's shirt together came undone! The blouse immediately fell away from covering her boobs, and a few more tugs from Rocket pulled it all the way off Emma's shoulders! Candice's jaw fell open. Save for the stretch of green fabric caught around her elbows, and for her drenched socks and sneakers, Emma was basically naked in the middle of the store!

Steaming with so much anger it was almost as if the water on her bare skin was coming to a boil, Emma fought against Rocket's pulling until she could pick herself up to sit on her knees, where'd she became practically petrified in her rage with her hands flapping uselessly at her sides. Even with globs of soap rendering her half-blind, looking down at her own body, the pink of her nipples, the unmistakable lines of her private parts, the water all over her skin making her shiver, it was so... utterly inconceivable! This should not be happening to HER! Butt-naked and drenched with filthy mop water?! And this stupid mongrel attacking her?!

"AGH!" Emma yelled at such a pitch that made even the hound dogs whine! "You dumb DORK! So stupid! This stupid job!" Rocket growled and pulled so hard Emma was jerked back slightly, which only made her growl twice as loud! "And this freaking FLEABAG! Get OFF ME!" Blindly, Emma shrieked and swatted her hand back until finally she shoved Rocket off her shirt!

As Rocket skittered to his feet and shrugged off the impact, however, he quickly determined a much better target. As Emma continued to angrily cry out and wipe her face, she leant forward a while, unconsciously sticking out her round, vulnerable butt, and making those cheeks seem all the plumper, all the more desirable a mark. Emboldened, Rocket once again barked and raced towards Emma with his mouth open wide, before clamping down hard on Emma's ass!

"YAAAAAAGGGGGGH!" Emma screamed at a pitch higher than Candice had ever heard her reach before! Immediately, Emma shot to her feet with her hands flying back to her butt and the corgi latched on her left cheek! Rocket was persistent, and it took a few hard hip-shakes to get the rotten pup to finally let go!

And the second the pup hit the ground, he shook himself off and jumped up snapping again for another taste of spoiled-redhead tushy!

"AH!" Emma yelped and threw her hips away from Rocket's mouth before roaring again! "SCREW THIS!! I'm out of here! You bitch, this dog, UGH!" Rubbing her eyes with one hand and her bitten butt cheek with the other, Emma stomped forward, all the while cursing, "Dumb dork! Dumb dog! I hate this job!" Enraged as she was, as she pushed open the door, she hardly heard Candice calling out to her that she was going the wrong way...

Blazingly-bright sunlight and humid heat immediately washed over Emma and stung her eyes. "AGH!" She recoiled and covered her face, and when she dropped her hands, the hazy half-blindness and humidity like a cloud around her added to how unreal the moment suddenly became. She was outside on the sizzling-hot sidewalk, out in public, with people walking this way and that... and she was naked... People turned her way and became a crowd that seemed to grow with every infinite-feeling second. More and more pedestrians stopped and stared in confusion at a most peculiar sight: a redhead girl screaming her lungs out, buck-naked and dripping wet in the middle of the sidewalk! Emma froze, stupefied, arms locked in flared positions at her sides, leaving her each and every curve and pinkish place totally exposed for all to gawk at! All these strangers stopping and looking at her boobs, her pussy, knowing she should be embarrassed but still seething with anger, it's like Emma's brain simply could not compute! Naked and wet in broad daylight?!

Emma was snapped out of her moment of pause by another loud snarl, as Rocket leaped up and nearly chomped down on her booty again! Rage rekindled, Emma cried out, "Agh! Get this dumb dog away from me!" and swung her hips out of harm's way, before taking off in a sprint down the road, the little orange terror staying hot on her heels! "I-I'll get you for this, Candice!" Emma swore over her shoulder as she streaked, screaming "GET AWAY!" over and over, both at the dog chasing her, but also to the numerous bystanders and their countless phone cameras flashing, capturing the bizarre spectacle of a nude redhead being chased by a vicious ball of orange fluff!

When Candice ran outside after Emma and Rocket, she did so with the intention of catching them and pulling them back in before they made too much of a scene or too many people saw them. By the time Candice made it to the door, however, both Emma and Rocket were already half a block away, and be it the distance or something else... Candice just stopped and watched them go. It was weird. Very rarely did Candice find herself on the other side of a situation like this. It was hard to say how it felt, watching Emma streak naked, seeing all the confused people on the street turning right into her full monty as she ran and snapping pictures of her tight yet jiggly tush before she got out of view. More than anything, though, Candice felt a smidge emboldened. Good, Emma getting what she deserved! Let her be the one humiliated for once! As Emma reached the end of the block and kept running and swinging her hips away from the gashing mouth of the pursuing Rocket, Candice let a smile blossom on her lips...

...until she turned to walk back into the shop, and into the crossed arms of the very bulky and very surly shop owner, Mr. Devin.

Candice's pupils shrank to little dots as visions of all the bedlam and broken shelves and water everywhere flooded her mind, as well as the other employee who just ran soaking wet and nude out of the shop. She'd realized, too, with all the chaos going on, she'd forgotten to hike her skirt up the rest of the way, meaning she was standing in Mr. Devin's shadow with her skirt around her thighs, her yellow panties in full view of both him and the people milling around the shop. Through the dumbstruck, Candice made out more than a few comments and camera snaps directed her way...

Sheepishly, Candice pulled her skirt up, but while a thousand apologies built up in her brain, her mouth stayed frozen open, noiseless. She didn't need to say anything. After a moment, Mr. Devin jerking his thu

mb over his shoulder was all that needed to be said. Head lowered, Candice marched back into the shop , as Mr. Devin flipped the sign by the door back to 'closed.'

The next morning, both girls were rung into a conference call providing each with their totally-expected dismissal notices. Candice took hers with dignity, and with numerous apologies. Emma said nothing the whole time and hung up immediately when the news was shared. Candice apologized for a fourth time before following suit.

Candice never did figure out what exactly happened to Emma after she ran off. All she knew was about an hour after the incident, Mr. Devin came stomping back through the front door with Rocket cradled and sleeping in one of his baseball-mitt-sized hands, while he pulled Emma by the wrist with his other - still naked, of course, her body beet-red, maybe with embarrassment, maybe just sunburn. Her hair had dried in frizzy tangles, and she'd lost her shirt and one of her shoes, Candice noticed, before pretending to politely look at the floor when Emma passed by, cupping her free hand over her crotch while her boobs bounced freely. Still, Candice couldn't help but sneak a peek at the redhead's almost-as-reddened rear end for extra bite marks, though she couldn't tell for sure if any where there. Emma must have made it pretty far through town. A lot of people must have seen her in her birthday suit, way more of a crowd than the stuff they usually got up to in school. It's a wonder she didn't get arrested or even just ticketed for running around town for so long sans clothing. Later, Candice did accidentally find a few videos trending on social media, some of which censored Emma's nudity, but a surprising majority only blurred out her face and kept all her goods fully revealed, even zooming in on her bouncing bust and/or butt cheeks as she passed. Plenty left everything in. This was gonna be a tough one to live down.

Again, it was hard to pin down exactly what feeling it was stirring in Candice's heart, then or after the call . As nice as it was to see Emma get a taste of what she dealt out, Candice couldn't shake the feeling she should have gone after her. Heck, she could have gone and pulled Rocket away when he was pulling off Emma's clothes and biting her heinie, but she just sat there and watched. Maybe it was how Emma had yelled at her like it was HER fault somehow? Even though Candice hadn't lifted a finger against her? Just the heat of the moment, or could Candice have done something? Blegh, what a mess...

Candice sighed up at her bedroom ceiling. As nice as it was to have been on the other side of that bind for once - or at least the worst of it - Candice realized she was too familiar with the receiving end to avoid feeling sympathetic, and also more than a little guilty for not helping out... though she couldn't say Emma *didn't* deserve it... Well, whatever, nothing to do about it anymore. Best she could hope for was that in getting familiar with the receiving end, a shred of sympathy might find its way into Emma next time she tried anything... though something told Candice not to hold her breath...

At any rate, it was time to find another job. Candice spent the afternoon skimming her shortlist of positions she'd been considering before choosing the pet shop, as well as the classifieds, until she stumbled across an opening that actually made her really excited! It was local, it was a favorite spot of hers, and cherry on top: it was a place she was 99% sure she was the only one in her school to know about. Hopefully that meant no more bad surprises. Candice was definitely looking forward to something with less 'excitement.'